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Manufacturer of and Dealer in

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Harness

Saddles,

Whips,

Trunks,

Brushes,

Combs,

Horse-Blankets,

Fly-Nets, etc.

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Harness Oil

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AND

Wagon Shop.

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H. Wulff,

Meat Market,

Beaman, Iowa.

Memories.

We can draw the curtains of our room, stir the fire to send forth a genial blaze, and call for light to disperse the shadows of the gathering gloom, but we cannot lock the door of our hearts and bid Memory stay out in the cold. Would that we might, but she will press in, and very often prove a most unwelcome visitor. We may join in the gay jest and song, while Memory is casting dark shades of the past over the heart that would deceive others with its mirth, but "which only knoweth its own bitterness." Her voice, though very low, will be heard, and mocks our song. She paints most unpleasant pictures, and though the eye may sparkle in the glare of the festive scene, yet it may not turn from them. There is no forgetfulness this side the grave, and though remorse may have kept lonely vigil over the bitter buried past for years, yet will Memory resurrect it and bring it back to us. One of our daily petitions should be to be kept from pride, (for it hardeneth the heart) and has the power to wreck our happiness for life, and ruin it for the next. It will keep us from acknowledging a fault, from recalling the hasty word before it be too late. Pride must reap a bitter harvest, for Memory will neither sleep nor die.

As we stand over the grave of our buried hopes and happiness, Memory will rise to taunt us with the "might have been" and ring with a funeral knell those saddest of words, "Too late, too late.—S. E. D.

In Hoosierdom they placed a pair
Of pants in nomination,
And now fall down before them there
In senseless adoration,

But ah! the truth, though late revealed,
A precious lesson teaches;
They'll find a Golden Calf concealed
With those Blue Jeans breeches.

—Commercial Advertiser.

A golden calf in homespun blue
The Hoosier mayn't find a blessing,
But better far than Sitting Bull.
In any kind of dressing.

—Chicago Times.

A Calf so noble and so true,
All dressed in homespun breeches:
He makes the "Rads" look awful blue
When now his tale he switches.

Pay, Mr. Subscriber, pay with care.
Pay for the weekly newspaper;
Pay in currency, or new silvaire,
And don't try to cheat the poor printaire;
Pay in advance, and do not daire
To let the thing run six months or a yaire;
Pay, Mr. Subscriber, for your newspaper.

[Oshkosh Times